

*The History of*

for powder, they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush man, mortall men, mortall men.

*West.* I, but *Sir John*, mee-thinks they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggerly.

*Fal.* Faith for their poverty, I know not where they had that, And for their barenesse, I am sure they never learnt that of me.

*Prin.* No i'll be sworne, unlesse you call three fingers on the ribs, bare: but sirra, make haste, *Percy* is already in the field. *Exit.*

*Fal.* What, is the King incamp'd?

*West.* He is, *Sir John*, I feare we shall stay too long.

*Fal.* Well, the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feast, fits a dull fighter, and a keene guest. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.*

*Hot.* Wee'll fight with him to night.

*Wor.* It may not be.

*Dow.* You give him then advantage.

*Ver.* Not a whit.

*Hot.* Why say you so? lookes he not for supply?

*Ver.* So doe we.

*Hot.* His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

*Wor.* Good cousin, be advis'd, stir not to night.

*Ver.* Do not my Lord.

*Dow.* You doe not counsell well; Thou speakst it out of feare, and cold heart.

*Ver.* Do not slander, *Douglas*, by my life,

And I dare well maintaine it with my life;

If well-respected honor bid me on,

I hold as little counsell with weake feare,

As you my Lord, or any *Scot*, that this day lives:

Let it be seene to morrow in the battell, which of us teares.

*Dow.* Yea, or to night.

*Ver.* Content.

*Hot.* To night, say I,

*Ver.* Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being men of such great leading as you are.

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horfes

Of my cousin *Vernons* are not yet come up.

YOUR

*Henry the Fourth.*

Your Uncle *Worcesters* Horse came but to day.

And now their pride and metall is asleepe,

Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,

That not a horse is halfe the halfe of him himselte.

*Hot.* So are the horses of the Enemy,

In generall journey bated and brought low:

The better part of ours are full of rest.

*Wor.* The number of the King exceedeth ours.

For gods sake, Cousin, stay till all come in.

*The Trumpet sounds a parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.*

*Blunt.* I come with gracious offer from the King,

If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

*Hot.* Welcome, sir *Walter Blunt*: and would to God

You were of our determination;

Some of us love you well, and even those some

Envy your great deservings and good name,

Because you are not of our quality,

But stand against us like an Enemy.

*Blunt.* And God defend, but still I should stand so,

So long as out of limit and true rule,

You stand against anoynted Majelty:

But to my charge. The King hath sent to know

The nature of your griefes, and whereupon

You conjure from the brest of civill peace,

Such bold Hostility, teaching his dutious Land

Audacious cruelty. If that the King

Have any way your good deserts forgot,

Which he confesseth to be manifold,

He bids you name your griefe, and with all speed,

You shall have your desire with interest.

And pardon absolute for your selfe, and these,

Herein mis-led by your suggestion.

*Hot.* The King is kind: and well we know, the King

Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay:

My Father, my Uncle, and my selfe,

Did give him that same royalty he weares,

And when he was not fixe and twenty strong,

Sicke in the worlds regard, wretched, and low,

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